



ESTABLISHED JUNE 12, 1758.

VOLUME XXIII.

NEWPORT, R. I., SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 17, 1854.

NUMBER 4392.

Newport Mercury,
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
J. COGGESHALL & F. A. PRATT.
GEO. C. MASON, EDITOR.
No. 123 Thames Street
MS.—Two Dollars per annum, or \$1.75 if
paid in advance.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at the Lowest
Rate. Delusion made to those who advertise by
post.
No paper discontinued (unless at the op-
tion of the Proprietors) until arrears are paid.

Poetry.

WITHOUT AND WITHIN.

ly coachman in the moonlight there,
Looks through the side-light of the door;
Hear him with his brethren swear,
As I could do,—but only more.

flattering his nose against the pane
He envies me my brilliant lot,
And blows his aching face in vain,
And wishes me a place more hot.

He sees me to the supper go,
A silken wonder by my side
Bare arms, bare shoulders, and a row
Of bouffants for the door too wide.

He thinks how happy is my arm
'Neath its white glove and jeweled hand,
And wishes me some dreadful harm,
Hearing the merry corks explode.

Meanwhile I only curse the bore
Of hunting still the same old coon,
And envy him, outside the door,
In golden quiet of the moon.

The winter wind is not so cold
As the bright smiles he sees me win,
Nor our host's oldest wine so old
As our poor gabble—water—thin.

I envy him the ungrateful thrain
By which his freezing feet he warms,
And drag my lady's chains and dance,
The gaiter slave of dreary forms.

O! could he have my share of fun
And I his quiet—past a doubt
'Twould still be one man bored within,
And just another bored without.

[Patience's Monthly
TO LIBERTY,
BY BERNARD BARTON, ESQ.]

Leisure! there are to whom thy wealth,
Seems but a source of sorrow;
Oh! teach the wretched heart by stealth,
Thy gifts—their gift to borrow.

For thee I've panted; thee I've pined
Beyond their estimation;
For thee I've gladly sacrificed
Sleep, health, and recreation.

"The feast of reason, flow of soul,"
To win thee I have bated;
For thee I've given up many a stroll
Through Nature's haunts unchartered.

While some who own thee with the while
As if they sought to shun thee,
Early and late I would thy smile
And yet have never won thee.

The sunny heat, the shady grove,
The ramble o'er and through them,
Are joys a poet's heart must love
But thou must guide him to them.

What is a book when lacking thee?
A fountain seal'd or hidden;
Even the lyre without the key
Is but a toy forbidden.

For love of thee, and not itself,
Life seems a time to eave;
For thee, alone, I pine for pelf,
For thee could stoop to love it.

Since wealth not only can supply
What workings make a trade of,
Commanding thee, its dress can buy
The staff that life is made of.

Agriculture.

BETTER, makers should remember these
few short rules:—

The newer and sweeter the cream, sweet-
er and higher flavored will be the butter.

The air must be fresh and pure in the
room or cellar where the milk is set.

The cream should not remain on the milk
over thirty-six hours.

Keep the cream in tin pails, or stone pots,
into which put in a spoonful of salt at the
beginning, then stir the cream lightly each
morning and evening; this will prevent the
cream from moulding or souring.

Churn as often as once a week, and as
much oftener as circumstances will permit.

Upon churning, add the cream upon all
the milk in the dairy.

Use nearly an ounce of salt to a pound
of butter.

Work the butter over twice, to free it
from the buttermilk and brine, before
lumping and pecking.

Be certain that it is entirely free from ev-
ery particle of buttermilk, or coagulated
milk, and it will keep sweet forever.

In Scotland, a syphon is sometimes used
to separate the milk from the cream, in-
stead of skimming the pans.

LEATHER FOR MANURE.—Old boots and
shoes, and old harness and shoe shop
scraps are first-rate manure.

They may be eaten up in ashes or ley,
added to the compost heap, or chopped
fine and plowed in the soil. Old woolen
rags and scraps of wool, hair, skins, all
should be treated in the same way.

Bees.—Give salt to bees by laying it on
the corner of the board in front of the hive.
They need it as much as cattle, or other
animals; and when not supplied, they are
often seen in the mud around the door.

Selected Tale.

THE MAN OVER THE WAY.

BY ALFRED W. JOSE.

When a man has no business of his own
to attend to, it is notorious that he is very
fond of meddling with his neighbor's.
Old half-pay officers, naval or military,
unmarried ladies of uncertain age and
small means, widows without incumbence
—these, and a few others, are the greatest
meddlers and busy-bodies in creation.—
Young men of small fortune and no pro-
fession are less inclined to sin in this
respect; but they can scarcely be said to
have nothing to do, because they gener-
ally have a frightful amount of mischief
on their hands to perpetrate; and this keeps
them so well occupied, (ill-occupied we
should say,) that they have not so much
time to attend to other people's affairs as
might be imagined.

When I avow that I belong to the class
of bachelors I have mentioned, a charita-
ble reader will naturally conclude that I
am what the French call a *mauvais sujet*.
Such is far from the case. Positively I am
not aware of any particular amount of
iniquity that can be laid at my door. I
neither game, drink, keep bad hours, or
commit other peccadilloes which go to
swell the list of sins usually booked to an
idle man's account. Perhaps I ought not
to take too much credit to myself for my
exemption from these little bachelor in-
firmities—because I am dreadfully in love.—
Absorbed as I am in this passion, I have
no thoughts to give to dissipation—the
idol of my heart possesses them altogeth-
er.

Lovers are proverbially selfish; they
think of no one but themselves. I form
no exception to the rule, saying in one
instance—'I have long had a terrible curi-
osity to know all about "The Man over the
Way"; but I must be a little more explic-
it. I live in lodgings, as nineteen bache-
lors out of twenty do, unless they have
chambers in the temple. The house in
which my rooms are, stands in a narrow
street in the neighborhood of Hyde Park.

Exactly opposite, occupying a first floor
like myself, is the gentleman concerning
whom my curiosity, is excited, and whom
I have named "The Man over the Way."
He is apparently a man of fifty or sixty
years of age, sunburnt in face, and with
iron grey hair. He is dressed always in a
long brown coat, grey trousers and waist-
coat, and a black neckerchief of the old
style—that is to say, two or three yards of
silk swathed round his throat, as an Egyp-
tian mummy is wrapped in linen. There
is nothing very remarkable in the man's
appearance, and yet he possesses a strange
fascination for me. I cannot help thinking
of him, and looking at him, and wondering
what he is, and who he is, and whether he
has anything to do with my fate; for,
ridiculous as the last to some may seem, I
cannot divest myself of the idea that this
man is bound up in some mysterious way
with my history. It is perfectly useless
to reason with myself on the supposition,
and point out its absurdity; I believe it,
and I cannot shake my faith by any process
of logical induction.

In consequence of this idea, I am
become as curious (so far as this individ-
ual is concerned) as any of the old half-
pays, or maiden ladies, or unincumbered
widows, I have mentioned. If I see a
butcher boy with meat in his tray going
near the house, I watch to see if he calls
there, and wonder whether the meat is for
the dinner of "The Man over the Way."
If I see the Man himself reading, I wonder
what book he has, and what he thinks of
it. But beyond everything, I wonder what
he thinks of me, and what he designs to
do regarding me; for I am perfectly cer-
tain that he watches me almost as much
as I do himself.

And yet the reader must not suppose
that I think of "The Man over the Way"
so exclusively as to make me forget my
every day Julia—far from it; I write to her
adored Julia, and the baker's man delivers
my letter to the cook, and the cook gives it
to the lady's maid; and the lady's maid
passes it into the hands of Julia herself.—
The penny post would be more expeditious
no doubt, but also there would be no sec-
recy about it; and our course of true love
runs not smooth, as a curmudgeon of a
father has forbidden me the house, and
commanded Julia never to think of me
again. How foolish these old gentlemen
are, Mr. Sniggles, (that's the papa in ques-
tion,) by his absurdly unreasonable con-
duct, gives pain to Julia and myself, and
forces our correspondence to pass through
three hands—the maid, the cook, and the
baker's man—instead of the more natural
and proper one of the postman alone. As
for making Julia forget me—talk of mak-
ing the Ganges remount to its source, or
Mount Blanc dwindle to an ant-hill, and
you would be as reasonable as in suppos-
ing that anything could shake the constan-
cy of the angelic girl.

And why is she to forget me? What
have I done to deserve such a sentence.
The very head and front of my offending
is that I have but two hundred and twenty
pounds a year private fortune, and don't
belong to any profession. Mr. Sniggles
declares that it is monstrous to think of
marrying on such a sum, and I quite agree
with him; but when I suggest the very
obvious remedy of his doubling the income,
he flies into a passion, and says that his
daughter shall only marry a man who can
support her, which means that he wants to
make as cheap a bargain with her as he
does with the hides and skins he imports;
for he is a leather merchant, and always
has an order of tan about him—at least I
think so, though Julia won't allow it.

Julia is an only daughter, and has no
mother; and although a very sour-faced
old virgin (her father's sister) lives with
her to watch and protect, and bore her to
death, we manage to meet sometimes in
Kensington Gardens and such places. At
least we used to meet; but alas we were
found out. That wicked old sour-face
pretended one day to be going into the
city to receive her dividends, (she has a
capital income,) and Julia naturally took
the opportunity of dispatching me a note,
per the lady's maid, to meet her at our old
trysting-place. We met—we sat on our
favorite seat—it is very private, and known
only to a few. We talked—we—
"Ah!" went a sharp voice.

"Ah!" shrieked Julia.
"The devil!" cried I.
"Indeed!" said the intruder: and the
sour-faced aunt stood before us.
"My dear madam!" said I, swallowing
my rage, and determined to try and propi-
tiate her—
"Don't talk to me, sir: you are a base
deceitful man. As for you, Miss—here
she turned to Julia—"come home direct-
ly; we shall see whether you ever play me
this trick again."

"May I fetch you a cab?" said I,
wishing to find any excuse to be near
Julia, and forgetting that we were in the
middle of Kensington Gardens, where cabs
are not exactly to be found.
"Certainly," said the same voice, with a
hideous grin of irony on her countenance;
"Go and fetch the cab, sir: we shall wait
till you bring it here."

From that day we have never met: we
are obliged to be more cautious about our
correspondence, and the baker's man's fees
have risen in consequence. Things are
unendurable. I have been trying to devise
a thousand plans for winning Julia, and
can't succeed in framing one that looks
feasible. I know no one who could aid
me—no one whom I could sufficiently
trust in such a matter. Within the last
hour a strange fancy has seized me—to
consult "The Man over the Way" about
it. What can have put such an idea into
my head I do not know. It is not at all
unlikely that the Man will regard me as a
lunatic, and hand me over to policeman,
if I call on him. I feel the absurdity of
the whole thing, and yet I cannot conquer
the intense longing I feel. I must go
to him let the result be what it may.

I have been to him. What a strange in-
terview? Let me describe it.

I knocked at the door, and asked to see
the gentlemen on the first floor. The ser-
vant stared, took my card up, and returned
directly, desiring me to wait up. I entered
the Man's room, and stood face to face with
him.

"What do you want?" asked he with the
utmost abruptness.

I never felt so awkward in my life. I
fully expected a polite bow, and an inquiry
—to what am I to attribute the honor of
this visit? and I had prepared a neat little
speech of excuse and apologies in reply;
but the sudden and gruff—"What do you
want?" completely upset me.

"I want—I wish—to consult you," I be-
gan.

"Consult me! I'm not a doctor, nor a
lawyer, nor an astrologer, nor any other
infernal humbug," said the Man.

"I'm aware of that," replied I.

"Then what the deuce do you mean by
intruding on my privacy?" he asked, go-
ing directly.

"The last words were uttered very much
in the style and tone in which people com-
monly address a dog who has miscond-
ucted himself. I was very angry—though I
begin to suspect now that I had no right
to be so.

"I shall do nothing of the kind," said I,
and sat down in the nearest chair.

The man stared at me in a way that
made me suspect he contemplated sudden-
ly seizing the poker, and cracking my skull
with it; but instead of doing so, he gradu-
ally sunk into his chair, and said—
"I rather like you now, young man:
Still. It's a pity you have not a little more
of that energy at ordinary times."

"What do you know about it?" cried I,
in surprise.

"I know a great deal about it?" was the
reply. "I know that you are a weak, idle
young man, whose only occupations are
writing twaddling love letters, and exerci-

sing impertinent curiosity upon my move-
ments."

"As for the first accusation, sir," cried I,
"I deny that I write twaddles; and I should
like to know how you can speak so posi-
tively about my writing love letters at all?"

"And as for the second accusation—
your impertinent curiosity about myself"—
continued the Man, "you say nothing, be-
cause you know that you are guilty. We
differ in our ideas as to 'twaddle,' sir; but
I call comparisons of a young lady's eyes
when crying, to violets bathed in dew-drops,
the insinuating and most mawkish twaddle."

I started—for, by Jove, it was the very
comparison I had used in one of my latest
letters to Julia, though I don't think it at
all a twaddling one after all.

"How do you know the contents of my
letter, sir?" I exclaimed.

"Letters that have to pass through the
hands of baker's men, cooks, and lady's
maids are not likely to have their contents
greatly respected," replied the Man.

"The deuce!" I exclaimed, wondering
which of the wretches had betrayed me.

"However," continued my host, as if
divining my suspicions, "you need not
think that I get my information from
baker's men, cooks, or ladies' maids."

"Then how?"

"That's my affair," said the Man, in-
terrupting me. "Perhaps you will now
explain what it was you came to consult
me on."

"Really, sir," I answered, "you seem
to know so many things, and in such mys-
terious ways, that perhaps you know my
object as well as I can tell you."

"No, I don't," was the reply; "but I'll tell
you all I do know. I know that you are
an idle young man cursed with a small in-
heritance—that you fell in love with the
pretty face of the daughter of a leather
merchant; that the leather merchant, like a
sensible man, refused to let his daughter
marry you, and kicked you out of his
house—here I made a gesture of indig-
nation—"hold your tongue; I speak plainly,
and practically, that you were then dis-
honored to keep up a clandestine correspon-
dence with the lady, and to have clandestine
meetings with her; deceiving her father,
and making her do the same, be-
sides causing both of you to be the jest and
by-words of cooks, maids, and baker's men;
that you have been found out in your meet-
ings, your correspondence suspected, the
young lady more closely watched, and
yourself at your wit's end. Am I correct
in my information?"

"Really, sir," said I, in surprise, mingled
with indignation, "I don't know which to
be most amazed at—the impertinence of
your language, or—"

"It's true, eh?" interrupted the Man,
with a quiet smile.

I gulped my rage, and before I could
speak, he went on—
"And now, I suppose, for I don't pre-
tend to know this, you have come to ask
the advice of me, a perfect stranger?—
Pray, sir, is this the course of a sensible
man?"

"It appears that I could not have come
to a better man," replied I, "for you cer-
tainly seem to have studied the case."
He smiled, and I saw that I had gained
an advantage on the last point.

"Then we will say no more about it,"
cried he. "You want my advice? You
shall have it. Give up all thoughts of the
lady instantly."

"Never!" cried I.

"Exactly," replied the Man—"precisely
the answer I expected."

"Have you no other advice?" I asked,
for I felt helplessly driven to depend on
this sad being, who knew all my secrets by
some mysterious means that I could not
divine, but whose very mystery increased
my awe for their possessor.

"Yes," he replied, "I have."

"What is it?" I asked eagerly.

"Work!" replied he, with wonderful
emphasis; and he spoke not another word,
but, ringing the bell, he showed me to the
door, and bowed me out.

It was a long time before I recovered
from my surprise at the mysterious inter-
view with "The Man over the Way."

That he should know all about my affairs
was only less extraordinary than that I
should have always felt so strange a curi-
osity regarding him.

There are more things in heaven and earth,
Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

said I, quoting Hamlet; but I got no satis-
factory explanation of the matter by such
quotation. The most reasonable supposi-
tion seemed to be that he must have been
incessantly watching me, and this (though
I scarcely knew it) made me watch him,
and feel attracted to him in return. But
the great point now was—should I follow
his advice? and if so, what did the advice
mean?

Work! what did I know about work, and
how was my working to get me Julia for
a wife? Certainly, I had a dim suspicion
that the old gentleman might mean,
that if I worked I should improve my in-

come, and thus be entitled to ask for her
hand with a better chance of success than
as an idle man with £220 a year. Rather
a slow process, I feared; but what sort of
work was I to perform? I had no profes-
sion; I was unacquainted with any art; I
could neither practice law nor medicine;
nor could I paint or teach music. I could
write poetry, certainly; at least, Julia and
I think so; but I doubt whether "The
Man over the Way" would call that work.

After three days' reflection, I determin-
ed to pay the Man another visit.

"What do you want?" he began, in just
the same tone as before.

"To work," replied I, briefly.

"Good," said he; "go and do it."

"But I don't know what to work at—I
have no profession."

"Go and break stones," he replied;
"the work-houses are empty just now—the
roads want laborers."

I turned away in disgust.

"Can you write?" he asked. "Of course
you can, though, love letters. It is not the
best hand in the world, but it may be im-
proved. You had better get a situation as
junior clerk in a merchant's office—no
salary the first year, sixty pounds the
second, eighty the third, and so on."

"Thank you," said I, very angry.—
"Even if I were disposed to do so, I know
no mercantile houses in London."

"I'll get you the situation," was the
reply. "If you reject it, don't come near
me again."

Who shall describe my feelings at this
moment? To fancy myself a common clerk
—me! the best dressed man of my means
on town, the most refined in taste, the
greatest hater of everything "business like"
or common—to be a clerk, a snot, a quill
driver! On the other hand, to lose the
strange friend (if I could so call him) be-
fore me or be unable to apply for advice,
to lose the chance also of gaining Julia—
for I did think that this would follow my
rejection of the offer—what should I do?

"If I accept," said I, after a pause,
"will you guaranty me—"

"Nothing," was the reply that cut me
short. "I tell you to work, and I offer
you the means of doing so."

"I accept," I cried in desperation.

The Man took a pen and wrote a short
note, which he handed me to read. It was
simply a letter of recommendation of me,
the bearer, for employment in the house of
the firm to whom it was addressed.

I handed it back with thanks. He wrote
the direction, and gave me the letter. It
was addressed, "Messrs. Sniggles &
Co."

"Why?" exclaimed I, "it is the father
of—"

"Exactly—so much the better; he will
ask you no questions, but give you the
situation."

He showed me out of his room; and
when I reached the street, I stood still for
a few minutes in perfect bewilderment.—
Could this "Man over the Way" have
dealings with the devil, that he exercised
so strange an influence over me, and seem-
ed to guide me as he pleased? And, then,
what could be his connection with the
Sniggles family that made him so confident
of my procuring the situation through him?

I determined to deliver the letter, at all
events.

I made my way to Thames street, where
I am sure I had never set foot before. I
found the house of Sniggles & Co.—
Enough! how the place smelt of leather.—
I asked for Mr. Sniggles, and I was shown
into his office.

"Good day, sir," said Sniggles, "glad
to see you here."

I handed him the letter, which he glance-
d over, and then said, "Follow me."

He led me to the next room, where three
fellows were driving their quills with all
their might.

"Mr. Jackson," cried old Sniggles to one
of them, "Mr. Plastic here (that's myself)
has come to join you; be good enough to
set him to work," and so saying, he left
the room.

Mr. Jackson did as he was told. He
gave me a quantity of things to copy, every
line of which puzzled me by the extraordi-
nary terms it contained; words which I nev-
er heard before, and which, I am confident,
are not to be found in Johnson's dictionary.

I did as I was told, though if you had asked
me what I had done at the end of the day, I
certainly could not have told you, except that
I was eternally writing something or other.

My fellow clerks were good-natured fel-
lows, though their coats were evidently
built by third-rate tailors, and their neck-
ties were more striking than tasteful.
They were not very ignorant either; and
though they knew nothing about the mat-
ters I was most 'up' in—such as the pri-
vate history of Madame Spinnini, the great
dancer, and the real story about the Duke
of Dumps and Signora Salonica, of the
Italian Opera, &c., &c.,

Still they were not badly informed about
the minor matters of history, geography,
statistics, and political affairs.

Six months passed. I had worked every
day like a horse—or like a clerk; I had

conquered all the difficulties of the office;
I understood my business, and was rising
into importance.

During the whole of this time, I had
seen nothing of "The Man over the Way."
He had mysteriously vanished the very day
after I had parted with him, when he sent
me to the office. The people at the house
where he lodged declare they did not know
whether he had gone, but he had paid his
rent, and they spoke of him with great
respect.

"Mr. Plastic," said old Sniggles, when I
entered his room one day with some office-
work I had done, "will you dine with me
to-day? My daughter will be glad to see
you."

Could I believe my ears? How the words
thrilled through me! I accepted the invita-
tion, of course, but in what terms I do not
know. I was so flattered, that for the first
time during my clerkship, I made several
blunders in my work that day. At five
o'clock, Sniggles entered our office, and,
asking if I was already, we walked off to-
gether. We did not talk much, fortunatel-
ly for me, confused as I was, for we rode in
an omnibus.

When we reached Sniggles's house—
that house that I had been forbidden to en-
ter—how my heart beat! How would Julia
receive me? Could I act the part of a
mere friend with propriety? What should
I do? I was already in the drawing room.

"Julia!" I exclaimed, in spite of old Snig-
gles herself. She rushed forward, caught
her in my arms.

"Very pretty, indeed!" said old Sniggles,
smiling quite benignantly on us.

"What does it all mean?" I exclaimed.

"She's yours," said old Sniggles, al-
most whimpering as he spoke: "you're
man now, and you deserve her: she shall
be your partner for life if you'll have her;
and, by Jove, sir, you shall be my partner
too, if you like."

I was overjoyed, but still bewildered.

"The truth is, dear Charles," said Julia
—we owe all this happiness to my father's
kindness, and the interest of my own ma-
terial uncle. Since our separation he has
been my confidant; and he promised that
my happiness. He wished to see you what
he calls 'worthy of me'—that is, a man of
business. He determined to watch you,
and even call on you; but I believe you
saved him the trouble of doing that. My
father agreed to all plans; and both confess
that you have gone through your probation
nobly. My father has told you so. Let me
now present you to my uncle—an old ac-
quaintance of yours."

She smiled as she said this, and led me
into the next room; where my hand was
immediately afterwards warmly seized by
—"THE MAN OVER THE WAY."

Refusing to take Wine with Washington.

Towards the close of the revolutionary
war, says Dr. Cox, an officer in the army
had occasion to transact some business with
General Washington, and repaired to Phila-
delphia for that purpose. Before leaving,
he received an invitation to dine with the
General, which was accepted, and upon en-
tering the room he found himself in the
company of a large number of ladies and gen-
tlemen. As they were mostly strangers to
him and he was of a naturally modest and
unassuming disposition, he took a seat near
the foot of the table, and refrained from
taking an active part in the conversation.—
Just before the dinner was concluded, Gen-
eral Washington called him by name and
requested him to drink a glass of wine with
him.

"You will have the goodness to excuse
me General," as I have made it a rule not to
take wine."

All eyes were instantly turned upon the
young officer, and a murmur of surprise
and horror ran around the room. That a
person should be so unsocial and so mean
as to never drink wine, was really too bad;
but that he should abstain from it on an oc-
casion like that, and even when offered to
him by Washington himself, was perfectly
intolerable! Washington saw at once the
feelings of his guests, and promptly address-
ed them:—"Gentlemen," said he, "Mr.—
is right. I do not wish any of my guests to
partake of anything against their inclina-
tion, and I certainly do not wish them to
violate any established principle in their
social intercourse with me. I honor Mr.—
for his consistency in thus adhering
to an established rule which can never do
him harm, and for the adoption of which,
I have no doubt, he has good and sufficient
reasons."

NO MOTHER.

She has no mother! What a volume of
sorrowful truth is compressed in that single
utterance—no mother! We must go down
the hard, rough paths of life, and become
inured to care and sorrow in their sternest
forms, before we can take home to our own
experience the dreadful—no mother—with-
out a struggle and a tear. But when it is
said of a frail young girl, just passing from
childhood toward the life of a woman, how
sad is the story summed up in that one
short sentence! Who now shall adminis-
ter the needed counsel—who now shall
check the wayward fancies—who now shall
bear with the errors and failings of the
motherless daughter?

Deal gently with the child. Let not the
cup of her sorrow be overfilled by the harsh-
ness of your bearing or your unsympathiz-
ing coldness. Is she heedless of her doing
is she forgetful of her duty? Is she care-
less in her movements? Remember, 'she
has no mother!'

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Historical.

MEMOIR OF RHODE ISLAND.
1639.

At a particular Court holden the 7th of
the 11th mo. 1639:

Whereas it was ordered, that the Clerk
of the said Court should take notice of what
defects were in the arms among the train
band and to make return thereof at the
sessions of this court which being perform-
ed it is further ordered that the corporal
shall forthwith give warning to all such
who are defective to make their appear-
ance before the Judge within these 10
days to give answer for their deficiency
therein, and further it is ordered that every
train soldier shall be provided sufficiently
of his own arms by the last day of April
1640 as they shall answer it at their peril.

SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 17, 1854.

The existing war in the East has called out many works in relation to European affairs and particularly to Russia and the Russians, and it would be strange if from the mass of evidence already compiled, the reader does not obtain a good insight into the internal affairs of that unwieldy Empire. The policy of Russia has been to keep her own secrets, and except in a general way the world knows little more of her government than of China and Japan. Her onslaught on Turkey has awakened a greater interest—not a favorable one—in her movements, and the demand for a history of the Empire and the people has created a supply, which is likely to increase rather than to diminish.

Catherine II bestowed many of the blessings of a wise government upon Russia, and intended to inaugurate a kind of deliberate assembly; but it has been the policy of the Czar to bid the nobles with an iron yoke, and these in turn oppress the bourgeoisie and the serf, who hate and despise rather than envy their superiors. All avenues to general improvement are closed. The field of culture, in a restricted sense, is only opened to the nobles, and except a few special privileges the Russian is almost absolutely prevented from giving a substantial mental and intellectual development to his child. If taught at all it must be only in the first rudiments. The Czar has done something in the way of opening schools, but the debased and corrupted clergy, aided by the nobility, have opposed the measure. In one hundred and ninety parochial schools, there are 17,680 pupils, and in a County which contains not less than 134,575 priests and monks. All the officers of the Army and Navy are drawn from the nobility and they are educated from childhood for their different professions, and theoretically they are well informed. Establishments are also allowed for the education of children of soldiers and orphans, to be eventually employed by the government.

The pay of the soldier is less than six cents monthly in cash. His equipments consist of three shirts, two pairs of shoes, two pairs of trousers, one full dress uniform, one jacket and a long military overcoat. The compensation of a lieutenant in the Infantry is not over fifteen dollars a month. And the Cossacks equip themselves, receive no pay and generally are thrown on their own resources. These have lost much of their spirit and independence, and through shame and dishonor by Cossack much of the feeling and remembrance of their liberty of old is blotted out. As soldiers they are extremely valuable to the Emperor, and almost every commander has a few of them near him, for officers of command and danger. The Cossack acts in surrounding an enemy like swarms of mosquitoes, annoying and breaking the ranks and off again before they can be repulsed. In the war of 1812, the French complained much of this mode of warfare. The most numerous body of irregular cavalry is composed of Cossacks of the Don of Tania. It consists of seven hundred and sixty-five squadrons, each of more than one hundred men, and in time of war they are backed by detachments of Asiatic irregulars, as was the case in 1813-14 when they were extended across the whole of Europe.

The whole bulk of the army consists of seventeen corps with 4,900 companies of infantry, and 1,469 squadrons of cavalry, and 350 batteries of heavy or light artillery. Of this number more than one-third ought to be deducted as not capable of being moved towards the extreme frontier. The remainder is at the will of one mind, but there are natural obstacles to concentration; for it is impossible to feed so large a body of men for a prolonged term of time, in either a cultivated or savage country. The army is strong for defence, but Count Gurovsky says it is impossible to throw these masses on Europe. The same author says of the characteristic features of the Russian army: "An indomitable stubbornness, unbroken toughness and perseverance and endurance almost beyond human limits, are the prominent qualities. A Russian never gives up any work whatever, when once commenced. He never stands quiet unmoved the most deadly fire of the enemy. He has not, perhaps, the flaming vivacity of the Frenchman or of the Pole, but a peculiar, steady, unshaken way of his own. If overpowered and broken by the enemy, he does not fly in disorder from the field, but remains on it, even with the certainty of the loss of life."

The peculiarities of the Commissariat is so general and well combined that it is impossible to reach it. Millions on millions melt in the hands of myriads of contractors, contractors &c. and the maintenance of the army requires more than half the gross revenue of the empire. Each office in turn shares the spoils, and the result is, the poor soldier is left to wear his garments so long as they will hold, to his person and eat his food and groans without an allowance of salt and seasoning.

The Russian army is composed of three fleets or squadrons, each squadron has a three-decked of one hundred or one hundred and twenty guns, and eight small two-decked of from seventy to ninety guns, with six frigates, a few steamers, schooners &c. In proportion to the heavier vessels there is a large number of gun boats and light craft, adapted to the navigation of the rivers and the defence of the coasts. There is a squadron on the Black sea, one on the Baltic, a flotilla in the Caspian sea, and a steamer and a few other vessels on the Euxine. The navy is but poorly manned. There is a lack of sailors, and the masters and mates are chiefly foreigners. The sailors are instructed by drill force, and the time for nautical practice is limited on the Baltic to four months, and on the Euxine to four or six weeks longer. The crews are not really sailors, but a better term for them would be, second rate infantry. The strength and efficiency of these powers will now be tested. If Russia, with her legions, is able to contend successfully with the combined forces of the rest of Europe, the nations gathered under her banner will remain stationary or sink still lower in the scale of humanity; if on the other hand, the Emperor is vanquished, it will open to civilization a tract of Country larger than the rest of Europe. In either case the prediction of Napoleon seems about to be verified—"In half a century Europe will be Cossack or Republican."

RICH EXTRACTS.—From the Log-book of an Indiaman, 1852:—

July 27th. Friday Cook sick and gone to the hospital.

July 28th. Saturday fresh gales and fine weather at 4 P.M. the English barques—W—Come a short our horse and carried away our foretop gallant mast.

Sunday July 29th. At 6 A.M. sent down our foretop gallant mast and rig and all hand employed in ships duty.

Saturday 20th August this day fresh gales from the SE at 8 A.M. a puff of wind laid the under close reef main again next morning found ourselves close to the land rock.

Tuesday 10th. All hands well excepting one man sick with a bad cold and some feverish.

Dec 11th at 4 p.m. opened a barrel of beef and packed it away into the hams cask.

Wednesday Dec 12th opened a barrel of bread which proved to be bad.

Saturday Dec 24th at 4 p.m. saw a session island like a head.

Dec 26th throughout the Night we crested 5 canoes of water.—Saw a Nipper.

We can watch the above with a letter now before us, date Boston May 1854. The writer must have had the rheumatism the worst kind.

I am now lay up with the Rheumatism, occupied by being split the Corns heats both by Reason of Steaming with a wheel the old dog had no idea of adopting new fangled notions to do away with the old fashioned Bunk. I am afraid it will affect the Pork in Bulk I am giving. Be as fast as possible the fork salt in the Corns about must be taken out for fear of Danquing the Rest I shall better to morrow for I eat take it out without Entering I have 1 log and a half of W from one Board and two Bar. Be of Super &c. &c.

The June term of the United States Circuit Court, commenced in this City on Thursday last, Judge Pitman presiding. The complaint for summary on board the light boat Leeward, will be laid before the Grand Jury.

A number of communications &c., are crowded out this week.

The following remarks on a subject to which we intended to draw our readers attention, express our views so well that we much prefer to give them place in preference to anything of our own.

BROOKLYN, N. Y. June 12th, 1854.
MY DEAR MASON:—For two Sundays past our quiet City of Churches has been the theatre of war—not quite so sanguinary, but full as religious as that waged by the Czar upon the Turk. The papers will have told you of all which did, and many which did not, happen. The true history has been like that of most riots. A careful fostering by the authorities of the seeds of evil, and a fierce demonstration against the growing crop;—the arrest by the police of so many of the weaker side as managed to escape the clubs and revolvers of their adversaries; and a triumphant march of the military through the deserted streets.

For some time past a few well-meaning men have been in the habit of airing their superfluous philanthropy in the vacant lots on Atlantic street every Sunday afternoon. Gradually they accumulated quite an audience. Nobody was inclined to molest them, and they seem to have done no harm to anybody—not even to the prince of darkness against whom their efforts were directed. So far as I can learn they were wise enough to say little or nothing against the Catholics who abound in that quarter, and might have gone on firing their blank-cartridge against his elastic Majesty to this day, had not an unlucky chance brought a few drunken Irishmen into their audience two or three weeks ago. Considering the time and place, the only wonder is that it had not happened the very first time; and it is no wonder at all that when they did appear they went in at once for a "free fight"—Religion had nothing at all to do with it on either side—the same people would have done the same thing in a pot house.

But unluckily some of our ultra patriotic fellow citizens heard of it, and at once made up their minds that it was a deep laid plot against the liberties of the country. When the next Sunday came around a regularly organized procession came marching over from New York to keep the peace, having widely promulgated their intention of doing so beforehand. The sermon went on as usual, without interruption to the close, and the self-elected custodians of the peace took their line of march for home again. But as they marched through our Irish neighborhood near the ferry, down came a volley of Stones. In an instant the party had their revolvers out and fired upon their assailants. The fight became general, the Irish, who had been led to believe that a systematic attack upon them was made by a party, called in large numbers. The police interfered and were pretty impartially beaten by both sides. Finally the New Yorkers made good their passage over the ferry, and the military, who had been called out, arrived just in time to "march down the hill,"—and then march up again. During the week ensuing violent threats were made on both sides. Rumors of a general attack by the natives spread abroad. Great preparations were made to preserve the peace on the ensuing Sunday (yesterday) the military were under arms most of the day and stationed at various points throughout the city. Bands of volunteers were added to the regular police and stationed at the ferries. The day passed in feverish anxiety, the "Angel Gabriel" came over with an escort of natives, and blew his horn, and belabored the "scarlet Woman" and after he had got through, our well-meaning friends of the previous Sunday had their little exercises under the protection of the police, and in the presence of an immense crowd, without interruption. The "Angel Gabriel" body-guard got into a fight at the ferry as they marched back—pistol shots and brick-bats were exchanged, some persons hurt and a number arrested; and thus the day ended. But the end of all is not yet, the passions of men have become deeply and bitterly stirred on both sides, and we cannot but look forward to a repetition of these scenes—There is no doubt that the first occasion of the absence of a strongly organized force at any of these street preachings will be the signal for a bloody battle.

It is hard to say where the chief blame of all this drawn up on opposite sides of a pitched battle in this world. The first violence has no doubt come from the Irish, who were the aggressors in last week's attack upon the procession from New York and among whom, most of the arrests have been made. But it must not be judged from this that they are the only ones to blame. Provocations which the law would not recognize as an excuse for a blow may yet in the court of conscience weigh heavily against the party attacked; and of these the Irish have received many. Foremost among these is the determined effort of a certain party to keep up national distinction. As a race, the Irish are not naturally clamorous. It is almost a fault in their national character that they are not more so when left to themselves. A prosperous Irishman feels little scorn for Paddy; and his children are the most bigoted of natives. But the lower class are driven into a savage nationality by the perseverance of their opponents. The worst among them are taken as types of the class, and every drunken brawler is supposed to act out the secret machinations of national league. In this the natives bring about the evil they dread. By charging individual sins upon a nation, they bring the whole nation to the rescue of each offender.

Again, after they have thus created their monster, they expect him to act like a man,—to appreciate all the advantages of the American citizenship from which they would exclude him,—to respect unlicensed freedom of speech, and forget the savage liberty of retaliatory blow,—and to discriminate with scholarly nicety between such provocations as will justify a fight and such as comes to the very margin without passing it. It may be wrong for Pat not to look more carefully after his line, or be less ready to jump over it when he does see it, but this does not excuse them for daring him up to it. I think these remarks are justified by the conduct of the parties.—Know Nothings or whatever they were,—that formed the opponents of the Irish in these riots. Their whole proceeding was a repeated, deliberate, ostentatious display of an intention to provoke the Irish—or at the best, to quell unlawful violence by the assumption of unlawful authority. They came, as the event showed, with revolvers in their pockets, expecting a fight. They came to defend those who had not asked their assistance against opponents who had never attacked them; and their coming was accompanied and preceded by threats of violence which were only too well supported by the personal character of many of these self-elected supporters of free speech.

The conduct of the authorities has thus far been prompt and energetic, but they have made one great error. They have left untouched the root of the whole evil, and thus tacitly encouraged and strengthened it. So long as these Sunday gatherings in public places are permitted and protected, so long under the present state of feeling will riot spring from them. How any Christian man, knowing that his audience manifest every Sunday an increasing disposition to take the opportunity of cutting each others throats can continue to bring them together is a mystery. But if such fanatics are to be found, it is time that their field of usefulness were changed to the penitentiary or the lunatic asylum. It is time that the liberty of speech were better understood, if it is to be quoted as now by some patriotic men, as a sanction for such things. Some months ago Mayor Watervick of N. Y., prevented just such scenes as these by arresting and silencing a street preacher in that city. His meetings had already become disorderly and dangerous; and yet because the Mayor might riot in the bud by this means a tremendous riot was raised, and a public meeting was held to save our liberties just as the union was saved in 1850. Under this term of liberty of speech two things are actually consumed. One is the liberty of uttering the true sentiments of the heart, without restraint on all occasions; and the other, liberty of speaking when and where you please without regard to proprieties and consequences.—The former regards chiefly the matter of the speech, and the opinions expressed; the latter the manner, and its effect upon the hearers' passions. The former is in truth a great ingredient of American liberty.

It may not be lightly interfered with; the second is as much a matter of police control as any other conduct in public. Let the street preacher be arrested and silenced, not for what he says, be it good or bad, but for drawing together a riotous crowd. Let it be distinctly understood that he and every one else may utter just what sentiments they please; but if they persist in collecting a crowd to hear them in the open air where experience has shown the certainty of a riot, they will be treated like any other equally dangerous nuisance and abated without delay.

Beside this confusion of two distinct matters under the term of liberty of speech there is a fictitious reverence paid to it by the clap-trap orators of the day that misleads many. Liberty of speech is a good thing, but is not more valuable than liberty of the person. There is no peculiar sacredness about it. We give up a certain portion of it when we enter the social compact, as we do of all other natural liberties. We consent to be punished for libel and insulted for slander; to be ejected from a church if we interrupt the services by a volunteer sermon, and to be taken to the watch house if we are too eloquent or musical of natural liberty. All these are infringements of natural liberty, and the silencing of a street preacher is no more. Personal liberty of action is restrained in a thousand ways, without complaint. If a man explains takes more emigrants into his ship than she properly could contain he is fined and imprisoned; if a merchant encumbers the sidewalk with his boxes, or drives his horses too fast up the street he is punished—if a man build his house on his own land so insecurely that in the course of a fire it may endanger those who enter it, he is fined, and yet all these violations of personal liberty or property excite no indignation. What is there about this privilege of unlimited talk that renders it so peculiarly sacred in the eyes of our practical race?

If it be said that it is difficult to draw a line between the permissible and the dangerous harangues—it is everywhere. There is no line of demarcation in all the degrees between the blow that kills him. The authorities must judge by circumstances of the necessity of their interference. If street preaching leads to no harm, let it continue, if it does, as in this case it undoubtedly has, prevent its repetition.

So much for the great topic of today heretofore. When I write you again I will try to be more discursive.

Yours Truly, L. Q.

PORTSMOUTH TOWN OFFICERS.—At the annual Town Meeting held in Portsmouth 25th inst., the following officers were elected:

Moderator: John Manchester.
Town Clerk: Richard Sherman.
Town Council: John H. Coggeshall, Geo. L. Potter, Jonathan Dennis, Abraham Coggeshall.

School Committee: John Manchester, George Manchester, Parker Lawton, Jacob Mott, Jonathan Dennis, Albert G. Cook, Charles Potter.

Assessors of Taxes: Albert Coggeshall, Richard Sherman, Peleg Coggeshall, Seth B. Anthony, Wm. Barker.

Justices of the Peace: John Manchester, Wm. Barker, John Tallman, Benjamin Greene, Albert G. Cook.

Deerser of the Poor: Seth B. Anthony.

CHALLENGE FOR THE WORLD.

STOCKPORT, E. IRELAND, of Middle town Rhode Island, has kept on his farm the past year thirty sheep only, all told, and from them has raised the present season fifty-nine lambs, all of which he has sold in Newport for slaughter at five dollars per head. 27 of these ewes had and reared 50 lambs. Thomas B. She-man who purchased the lambs, says they are a cheap purchase being very fat and heavy. Best this who can?

The Committee of arrangements are making preparations to have the approaching Anniversary of American Independence celebrated in a beautiful and novel manner, at the residence of the address and that the Bismarck Brass Band has been engaged for the day. The appropriation made by the city will be increased by voluntary subscription and we have every reason to believe that the affair will be a creditable one to Newport.

Every owner of a horse should give heed to the advertisement in another column, headed "Patent Elastic Horse Shoes," as by so doing he will learn how to protect the feet of his beast, enable him to travel faster and longer, and in the end make a great saving of time and trouble. We have examined a specimen of the shoes now brought before the public, and take pleasure in saying that it will afford a horse more relief than any invention we know of, and if the owners of valuable horses would save them from the pains resulting from the constant concussion of an unyielding iron shoe, upon pavements such as we boast of in Newport, they cannot do better than to order a set and give them a trial.

The Horse Show will come off in Providence next week on the 21st and the 22d, at which time it is expected there will be a larger number of fine horses on the ground than ever before collected in this State. As a general thing we are rather behind the rest of the world in the rearing of good horses, and these "Shows" are designed to encourage the breeding of the best varieties, they should be sustained.

At the same time there will be the Annual Horticultural Show in the Hall over the Railroad Station, and a trial of Reaping Machines is also advertised. By taking the Perry in the morning one may have all day in the city and return in the evening.

MR. OSMAN C. DODGE, of Osian's Bards will give one of his delightful Concerts in Newport on Tuesday evening next at 8 o'clock. For particular see advertisement.

Mr. Dodge has a high reputation as a vocalist, and he is known all over the country. Wherever he locates he is sure of drawing a crowd, and in Newport he may be quite certain of meeting with his usual success.

Hunt's Merchants' Magazine.—The June and closing number of the thirteenth volume of this valuable monthly is at hand. The leading article is on "The Camel and its Commercial Value," from the pen of G. K. King, Esq. It is called out by the present measure for the introduction of Camels as beasts of burden into Texas and our south western prairies, and the writer expresses the opinion that the plan is feasible. It is a valuable contribution of the Commerce of the United States, part VIII. Commercial Cities and Towns—Pittsburgh, and an article on the Maine Law, by Hon. Neal Dow; also the usual monthly Review of the Market, Commercial Chronicle, Journal of Mining and Manufactures, Shipping Intelligence, &c. &c.

Lingard's History of England.—Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston; C. E. Hammett, Jr., Newport. Vol. 2, 18 mo., pp. 361. The publishers are bringing out this work in the most attractive form, and with their accustomed regularity. The fifth volume extends from the succession of Henry V. to the death of Henry VII., a period of ninety six years. Our readers are aware that this edition is the enlarged one, and passed through the pen of Paul Greyton, of which we have already taken notice. It is a valuable work, and improves with each number, and promises to be one of the most attractive of the day. The sympathies are aroused for blind Alcy, we smile over the eccentricities and mishaps of Chevy, and bid Martin to bear up under his struggles with the world.

Littell's Living Age for the week, contains another of the series of engravings from Hogarth's "Marriage à la Mode;" and its selections are drawn from the Dublin University Magazine, Household Words, Chambers' Journal, and Fraser's Magazine, besides a more than usual variety of shorter articles.

THE OPENING OF JAPAN.

We are indebted to a commercial friend for a copy of Nye, Perkins & Co.'s Circular, dated Canton, April 7, and containing an extract from the Friend of China Extra, Hong Kong, April 3d, with an account of the successful issue of Commodore Perry's mission to Japan.

Commodore Perry arrived in the Susquehanna, at a bay a little to the south of Yeddo. Some of the remaining vessels of the fleet had arrived, the others came soon after.

On the 18th February Commodore Perry shifted his flag to the Powhattan, on board of which vessel negotiations commenced,—the Vandalia proceeding to Uraga, where it was intended by the Japanese an interview between the respective commissioners should take place. A succession of gales prevented the vessels from proceeding further up the bay until the 24th, on which day the squadron got under weigh and ran up a large town called Kanagawa, from twelve to fifteen miles from Yeddo by water—nine only by land. The houses of Yeddo were plainly enough visible from the masts-heads, and boats from the squadron sounded up to within three miles of the wharves. The Vandalia's visit to Uraga was rendered unnecessary, it being determined, in her absence, to have the council house erected at a small fishing village, called Yokohama, not far from the town of which the squadron had anchored.

On the 1st of March His Excellency Yezaimon, Deputy Governor of Uraga, and some other high officers, were entertained on board the Susquehanna. The bearing of these officials is said to have been frank and friendly in the extreme. Toasts were drunk and speeches made, interpretation being rendered by means of intermediate Dutch; and by all that could be ascertained from the temper of the guests, there was every reason to believe that the reply of the Emperor of Japan to the letter from the President of the United States would be as favorable as might reasonably be expected. At first it was understood that the report circulated by the Russians of the death of the Emperor was altogether without foundation. From subsequent inquiry, however the report was found to be true; though no attempt was made to postpone negotiations on mortuary account, as the Russians asserted would be the case; an excuse there is some reason to believe that had effect so far as they (the Russians) were concerned; the Japanese denying most positively that any treaty had been made with them. The Emperor of Japan was 53 years of age when he died. His Majesty's son has been proclaimed successor, though he is not yet crowned.

The ship Saratoga arrived in the Bay of Yeddo on the 4th of March, and was ordered to prepare for a trip to the Sandwich Islands, by which route, thence to Panama, His Excellency the Commodore announced his determination to forward the earliest report of the result of his negotiations. Early in March an interpreter arrived direct from Yeddo, and on the 5th visited the flag ship. He is said to have been able to converse quite fluently in both Dutch and English, and could read and write our language with facility. He spoke freely of the Emperor, his master, and of his Majesty's willingness to accord commercial advantages to foreign nations. Of call he said there was plenty, which should be selected by the Americans. This interpreter had only recently returned from Nagasaki, where he said the Russians were point blank refused any promise of a treaty.

On the 6th of March, at noon, under an ambassador's salute from one of the ships, Commodore Perry landed for his promised interview with the Imperial Japanese Commissioners. His Excellency's barge was accompanied by boats from the various vessels of the squadron, to the number of twenty-eight, and besides the boats' crews, four hundred seamen and marines were conveyed to the shore to form His Excellency's escort. The weather was magnificent, and the landing was effected most successfully. Two other salutes, one for the Emperor and another for the Commissioners, were fired by the boat squadron after His Excellency was on shore.

The result of the first interview can only be generalized into the report that the disposition evinced was most favorable to American wishes. Other meetings were determined on, and a warehouse was erected for the special reception of presents for the Emperor, Empress and Court, which were landed on the morning of the 13th. From the size of the building prepared to receive these presents the Japanese appeared to have expected a bulkier if not a more valuable assortment. A plot of ground was cleared, too, for laying down the miniature railroad, and a line was arranged for working the electric telegraph; of both of which, as forming part of the intended presents to the Japanese court, our readers will, no doubt, already have heard.

March 20th.—The storeship Supply arrived from Shanghai, conveying to Commodore Perry the report left by the Vostock of the successes in Japan of the Russian Admiral, but the period of a year fixed by the Russians for the opening of Japan to the world was said by the Japanese to be entirely a figment of Russian imagination. The Japanese would only admit that the Russians said they would be back in a year.

On the morning of the 24th of March, Commodore Perry had his third interview with the Japanese Commissioners. A few days before having dispatched the Vandalia and Southampton to examine the harbor of Shodima, about 70 miles south of Yeddo, one of the places indicated by the Japanese as fitting for a factory.

Two ports are given to trade—Matsmai in Yeso, and Shodima before mentioned; and in addition to these places with trading residents, another location is promised contiguous to the coal country. At first the Japanese commissioners spoke of one year for the coal station, and five for the trading places, as periods within which they promised the warm endeavor of their government to prepare the people for the new regulations. The laws of the empire, they said, were very strict against trading of any kind excepting at Nagasaki with the Dutch. To these lengthy periods, however, His Excellency Commodore Perry temperately though firmly objected, insisting on the coal depot at once, and trading ports within a year.

As regards the terms of the treaty, the basis of that with China is said to form the leading feature. This we think is to be regretted. Ports in Japan as well as in China, should be as free as the harbor of Hong Kong, where duty on our island's sole production—granite—is collected by government from the stone quarry farmer. Commodore Perry, it is said, offered to embody a clause in the treaty for participation by all the world in the advantages he desired; but to this proposition the Japanese commissioners demurred; expressing a willingness, however, to make separate treaties on similar terms with any other nation who might seek them in a peaceful manner. As soon as the treaty

is concluded, Capt. Adams, in the Saratoga will leave with dispatches; but, as it is said, Commodore Perry intends to remain on the Japanese coast for at least two or three months, we presume His Excellency is presently determined upon doing what is to be done in a quiet, steady manner, and without any unnecessary haste.

The miniature railway, and five miles of magnetic telegraph, created great astonishment. Arranged with Japanese characters, there was much amusement among the natives at the extremes of the lines at the rapidity and ease with which a conversation could be carried on, additional wires being ordered to be prepared immediately, so that they might carry the communication right up to the capital. The railroad was taken round a circuit of some fifty yards in diameter—or nearly a tenth of a mile in length. The locomotive, with its tender and car, was made to travel at the rate of forty miles an hour. Of course the action of these machines was only intended as a small exhibition of Western science. The curiosity of the Japanese appears to have been highly excited by the beautiful symmetry of the Macedonian, and artisans were engaged in measuring her, as they said, for the purpose of building her counterpart.

One of the marines of the Mississippi dying while the squadron was lying in the bay of Yeddo, an occasion was given to apply for ground for a cemetery. Sufficient space for ten internments being allotted, the marine was buried with all the honors of war. In conclusion, we have only to say, that the Susquehanna reports her own and the crews of the rest of the squadron, as in excellent health and fine spirits. She was eight days on the run from Yeddo to this port.

XXXIII CONGRESS.—First Session.

WASHINGTON, June 9.

HOUSE.—Mr. Olds moved to lay Mr. Gidding's resolution on the table; the question was taken, and the vote stood, ayes 79, nays 31. No quorum being present, the House adjourned without disposing of the question.

WASHINGTON, June 10.

HOUSE.—A quorum is not present in the House to-day, and the Gidding's matter was therefore laid over. The House went into Committee on the Pacific Railroad bill, when Mr. Chastain of Georgia, made a speech on Cuban affairs, contending that the time has arrived when the interests of this country demand that Cuba shall change owners.

WASHINGTON, June 13.

SENATE.—Mr. Weller presented joint resolutions from the California Legislature, endorsing the Nebraska bill.

These resolutions, Mr. Weller said, had passed the Senate with but seven dissenting votes, and the House with but 10.

HOUSE.—The Pacific Railroad bill was postponed to the second Monday in December.

Gidding's expulsion resolution was laid on the table by a vote of 100 to 32.

A bill was reported for the civil superintendency of the national armories.

The general appropriation bill was taken up. Adjourned.

WASHINGTON, June 14.

SENATE.—The bill regulating the pay of deputy postmasters was passed.

The friends of the Homestead bill gave notice that they should insist upon making it a special order daily until disposed of.

HOUSE.—The House went into committee on the general appropriation bill.

Mr. Brooks made a speech on the Pacific railroad.

Mr. Mace will introduce a bill amending and explaining the Nebraska act, and Messrs. Campbell, Benton and others will take the floor in denunciation of the fraud.

WASHINGTON, June 15.

SENATE.—Mr. Sumner presented the credentials of Mr. Julius Rockwell, appointed to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Mr. Everett. Mr. Rockwell appeared, and was sworn.

Mr. Pearce, from the Finance Committee reported a bill for the claims of Texas creditors.

Bill for the relief of Rebecca Birdsell and William Duer were passed.

The vetoed land bill was then taken up and Mr. Clayton commenced a speech in its favor.

HOUSE.—The House considered but did not dispose of the bill increasing the rates of postage. They then went into Committee of the whole on the general appropriation bill.

RESIGNATION OF CHIEF JUSTICE GREENE.

The following is a copy of the letter of the Hon. Richard Ward Greene, resigning the office of Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of this State, which was laid before the Senate yesterday morning:

SIR, I hereby resign the office of Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, and request of you to communicate the same to the honorable General Assembly.

I beg leave, at the same time, to express to that honorable body, and to the people of the State, the grateful sense I entertain of the high honor conferred on me.

I am, with great respect,
Your obedient servant,
R. W. GREENE.

To his Excellency William Warner Hoppin Governor.

CULTURE OF THE SWEET POTATO. This delicious and wholesome vegetable may be raised without difficulty in the New England States. It will not be quite so highly flavored, or dark colored as the southern, but is well worthy a place in every kitchen garden. By placing a potato in a hot bed, or even on grass covered with loam, and horse manure, sprouts enough may be obtained to plant several hills; the shoot must be pinched out with the nail and transplanted in the same manner that cabbage plants are. The treatment afterwards may be the same as for the cabbage. The vines, run upon the ground like the cucumber, and are very beautiful. Plant on sandy loam and the hottest place you have; the first week in June is early enough.

A "HAPPY FAMILY."—One John Cary was brought before the Police Court in Worcester on Friday, on the charge of keeping a disorderly house. Although it was shown, says the Worcester Transcript, that Cary, his wife, six children, two colored women, two pigs, three dogs, four puppies, and several hens, all lived in one kitchen and bedroom, there was no proof that the charge was true, and the defendant was allowed to return to the embrace of his "happy family."

NEWPORT, JUNE 15.—The opinion of the Supreme Court upon the act of the General Assembly, passed at the last January session, annulling and reversing the judgement of said Court in the case of Thomas W. Dorr, was read in both Houses this afternoon. The opinion is very long, and declares the act in question to be unconstitutional.

GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

NEWPORT, Tuesday, June 13.

SENATE.—The Senate met pursuant to adjournment. His Excellency Governor Hoppin in the Chair. Prayer was offered by the Rev. Mr. Adlam, of Newport.

Messages from each house of the organization of the other body were communicated.

Without transacting any business the Senate adjourned until to-morrow morning at 10 o'clock.

HOUSE.—The House was called to order at three o'clock, by the Speaker, and a quorum to be present.

Prayer was offered by the Rev. Mr. Lovjoy.

Mr. Jencks presented the certificate of Mr. Dmmon, Representative elect from North Providence, in place of Mr. Weedon, resigned. Mr. Damon was duly qualified and took his seat.

Mr. Bosworth presented the certificate of Mr. Ball, from New Shoreham, who was duly qualified.

Mr. C. Whipple presented the memorial of Thomas Whipple and others, of Corventry, asking for legislative intervention against the encroachments of the slave power; which was received, read, and, on his motion, referred to a select committee consisting of Messrs. Clarke, Bosworth and Titus.

Mr. Messer presented the petition of the Aquidneck Bank, in the city of Newport, for amendment of charter; which was received and referred to the Committee on Corporation.

A resolution, making an appropriation for the purchase of a new carpet for the court house in the county of Bristol; read and passed.

